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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

APRIL 26,

1862.

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ARTEMUS WARD

IN

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 17th.

My wife stood before the lookin' glass, a fussin' up her hair.

"What you doin', BETSY?" I inquired.

"Doin' up my back hair," she replied.

"BETSY," sed I, with a stern air, "BETSY, you're too old to think about such frivolties as back hair.

"Too old? *too old?*" she screamed, "too old, you Bald-heded idiot! You haint got hair enuff onto *your* hed to make a decent wig for a single-brested grass-hopper!"

The Rebook was severe but merited. Hens4th I shall let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me!

My little dawter is growin' quite rapid, and begins to scrootinize clothin' with young men inside of it, puthy clost. I observe, too, that she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and won't let me put my arms round her any more for fear I'll muss her.

"Your mother wasn't 'fraid I'd muss *her* when she was your age, my child," sed I one day, with a sly twinkle into my dark bay eye.

"No," replied my little dawter, "she probly liked it."

You ain't goin' to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on *that*.

But all this, which happened in Baldinsville a week ago, haint nothin' to do with Washington, from whither I now write you, hopin' the items I hereby sends will be exceptable to the Gin-Cocktail of America—I mean the *Punch* thereof. [A mild wittikism.—A. W.]

Washington, D. C., is the Capital of "our once happy country"—if I may be allowed to koin a frase! The D. C. stands for Desprit Cusses, a numerosity which abounds here, the most of whom persess a Romantic pashun for gratooitous drinks. And in this conjunction I will relate a incident. I notist for several days a large Hearse standin' in front of the principal tavern on Pennsylvany Avenoo. "Can you tell me, my fair Castillian," sed I this mornin', to a young Spaniard from Tipperary, who was blackin' boots in the wash-room—"can you tell me what those Hearse is kept standin' out there for?"

"Well, you see our Bar bisness is great. You've no idee of the number of people who drink at our Bar durin' a day. You see those Hearse is necessary."

I saw.

Standin' in front of the tarvuns on Pennsylvany Avenoo is a lot of miserbul wretches,—black, white and ring strickid and freckled—with long whips in their hands, who frowns upon you like the wulture upon the turkle-dove the minit you dismerge from the hotel. They own yonder four-wheeled startlin' curiosity's, which were used years and years ago by the fust settlers of Virginny to carry live hogs to market in. The best carrige I saw in the entire collection was used by Pockyhontas, sum two hundred years ago as a goat-pen. Becumin' so used up that it couldn't hold goats, that fair and gentle savage put it up at auction. Subsekently it was used as a hospital for sick calves, then as a hencoop, and finally it was put on wheels and is now doin' dooty as a hack.

I called on Secretary WELLES, of the Navy. You know he is quite a mariner himself, havin' once owned a Raft of logs on the Connethycut river. So I put on saler stile and hollerd: "Ahoy, shipmet! Tip us yer grapplin irons!"

"Yes—yes!" he sed, nervously, "but mercy on us, don't be so noisy."

"Ay, ay, my hearty! But let me sing about how JACK STOKES lost his gal:

"The reason why he couldn't gain her
Was becoz he's a drunken saler!"

"That's very good indeed," said the Secky, but "this is hardly the place to sing songs in, my frend."

"Let me write the songs of a nashun," sed I, and I don't care a cuss who goes to the legislater! But I ax your pardon—how's things?"

Comfortable, I thank you. I have here," he added, "a copy of the Middletown *Weekly Clarion* of February the 15, containin' a report that there isn't much Union sentiment in South Caroliny, but I hardly credit it."

"Air you well, Mr. SECKY, sed I. "Is your liver all right? How's your koff?"

"God bless me!" sed the Secky, risin' hastily and glarin' wildly at me, "what do you mean?"

"O nothin' partickler. Only it is one of the beauties of a Republican form of gov'ment that a Cabnit offisser can pack up his trunk and go home whenever he's sick. Sure nothin' don't ail your liver?" sed I, pokin' him putty vilent in the stummick.

I called on ABE. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbreller and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased.

"That," sed he, "puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man out in our parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway.

Wall, about this time there was a man in a adjacent town who had a green cotton umbreller.

"Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?"

"Measured for what?" said ABE.

"The umbreller?"

"Wall, as I was sayin'," continnerd the President, treatin' the interruption with apparent contempt, "this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a parasol. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes," sed I, larfin in a respectful manner, "but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?"

"To be sure," sed ABE—"what was it? I must have got two stories mixed together, which puts me in mind of another lit—

"Never mind, Your Excellency, I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abbolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other if possible!

"Tell E STANTON that his boldness honesty and vigger merits all prase, but to keep his under garmints on. E. STANTON has appeerently only one weakness, which it is, he can't allus keep his undergarmints from flyin' up over his hed. I mean that he occasionally dances in a peck-measure, and he don,t look graceful at it."

I took my departer. "Good bye, old sweetness!" sed ABE, shakin' me cordgully by the hand.

"Adoo, my Prahayrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquised, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modist appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House."

"What you bowt, sah? What the debble you doin' sah?

It was the voice of an Afrikin Brother which thus spoke to me. There was a cullud procession before me, which was escortin' a elderly bald-hedded Afrikin to his home in Bates Alley. This distinguished Afrikin Brother had just returned from Lybery, and in turnin' a corner puty suddent I had stumbled and placed my hed agin his stummick in a rather strengthy manner.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

Augustus—"HALLO; CHARLES, GOING TO INDULGE IN SOME SPRING FANCIES?"
Charles—"AW, NO—GOING TO PAY MY TAILAW'S BILL!" (AUGUSTUS SWOONS, AND IS CARTED AWAY TO A DRUG STORE.)

The Genius of Connecticut.

If the first man had been a Yankee, what a charming world we should now live in!—that is, unless the Yankee had punched it into bits, to get at the kernel. A curious fact with regard to the business tact of the shrewd kind of men referred to has just come within our knowledge. The barrel-organs ground by wandering minstrels in the noisier quarters of the city have no music—or at least no noise in them. It occurred to a smart Yankee to see the absurdity of wasting machinery upon music which could never be heard, and he has made quite a snug thing of it by furnishing dumb barrel-organs to the children of Sunny Italy in New York, who grind away at them with some profit to themselves, and to the great satisfaction of the public.

Singular Circumstance.

An intelligent gentleman—not contraband—just arrived from the South, informs us that as the Ordnance authorities at Richmond were testing a new gun, some days since, they were attacked and put to flight by a company of cows from an adjoining wood. It appears that the gun had been cast from the bells formerly belonging to these poor animals, who, having no idea of a voluntary contribution of bells for such a purpose, naturally looked for compensation by Charging the Ordnance authorities for them.

A Vehicle of Expenditure.

The slow Coach of the Navy department.

"Do you wish to impede the progress of this procession, sah?"
"Certinly not, by all means! Procesh!"
And they went on.

I'm reconstructin' my Show. I've bought a collection of life-size wax figgers of our prominent Revolutionary forefathers. I bought 'em at auction and got 'em cheap. They stand me about 2 dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per Revolutionary forefather.

Ever as always yourn,

A. WARD.

THE DEVIL TO VANITY FAIR.

HEAD QUARTERS, PANDEMONIUM,
Rue de Soufre, (Brimstone.)
April 19th, 1862.

TO THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

SIR:—Your letter of April 5th would have received attention long before this date, but as the route to my Department lies directly through the heart of Secessia, the mail-carrier was stopped several times—once by FLOYD, who prigged the five dollars enclosed. The communication at last reached my hands.

You wish me, if I understand you correctly, to prepare quarters, sulphur cocktails and all the various etc's of a tropical climate, for a number of Southern gentlemen at present in the Confederate Army.

I must beg leave to decline having anything to do with such a wretched set.

If I were to let such people loose among my disingenuous thieves and respectable murderers, what would be the consequence? Why my forces (I call 'em "forces" now, a playful little adaptation to the times,) would soon be utterly demoralized, and Tartarus—the barracks, I mean—too hot to hold me. No, sir; I have not sunk so low as that. I still have *some* regard for my character.

On the receipt of your epistle, I immediately read it aloud to a select circle of celebrated assassins, pirates, and knaves. Their indignation was touching. Captain KIDD who, as you know, did some very neat things in his line of business,

"As he sailed, as he sailed,"

was so shocked at the barbarities perpetrated by the rebels, at Manassas and elsewhere, on the bodies of your dead heroes, that he actually swore never to call himself a monster again. Indeed, he and COLT, and BEAUCHAMP, are saints compared with those fiends.

I should really like to oblige you; but you see just how the matter stands. Now, if you could only send me a couple of harmless old ladies like JAMES BUCHANAN, I might make use of them as wet-nurses for little MEPH, or his sister, who bears such a striking resemblance to "the baby" of Mrs. CUNNINGHAM that I have named her after that exemplary lady.

I remain yours, sardonically,

(Seal) MEPHISTOPHILES.
Major General Commanding the Army of the Styx.

P. S.—My military title may, perhaps, startle you a trifle, but the fact is, if a man isn't a colonel or something, now-a-days, he might as well be under the earth as on it. Since JOHNNY FREMONT has been reappointed, I don't see why I shouldn't sport a pair of epaulets, especially as it is a well-known fact that I can "stand fire" as well as any other man. I shall send you my *carte de visite* next week. M.

N. B.—I have stopped taking the *Tribune* since DANA left it. It has ceased to be interesting. I seriously think of starting an abolition paper here—to be called "The Gentleman in Black." How does it strike you? Just the place for it! M.

Suspicious.

The *World* and *Morning Courier* and *New York Enquirer*, and so on, expressed this wish in its "leader" last Tuesday:

"Oh for a single week's administration of the Navy Department by a shrewd, keen-witted, energetic rascal!"

Is ALEXANDER sighing for new worlds to conquer?

Rebel Scholarship Vindicated.

Not half the soldiers on the rebel side
Can spell their names—if grave report we heed;
Yet Southern learning has been much belied,
If it be true that "he who *runs* may read!"

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

(Mr. BARNUM, with his accustomed liberality, having offered a reward of $500,000 for the best metrical essay on the comparative attractions of Commodore NUTT and Mons. BIHIN, our Poet has concluded to take the money. In dedicating the following to our friend BARNUM, we beg leave to say, that as our Bard has a board-bill which came due, April 1, 1860, and which is not yet paid, an early cheque for the Half Million will be acceptable.)

I.

Hail, small man!
  Short 'un, but
Great, though small,
  Hail, O NUTT!
Some are great
  Being tall,
But you are great
  Being small!
How you prove
  'Pon my soul,
That the half's
  More than whole.
Mite o' man,
  Yet man o' might,
Like an ox
  You draw each night!
And you run
  Twice as fleet,
'Cause you lack
  The usual feet.'
Smallest caught!
  Like pie-crust short,
Very well
  The King of Hums
Will make that pie
  Give up its plums.
And in spite
  Of these hard times,
Diminution
  Turn to dimes.

II.

Phenomenon egregious! Elongate and gigantic!
  O mammoth man of muscle! O immense in osteology!
Surpassing all the tall 'uns in the chronicles romantic,
  With genuflexions humble and with terrified apology,
Diminutive six footers with trembling knees behold thee,
  And take an observation of thy longitude extensive;
Being struck with admiration that thy pantaloons will hold thee,
  And wondering who made 'em, and if they came expensive.
All hail again to thee, O thou steeple bifurcated!
  All hail, O *Tres-Bien*! altitudinously high;
Ten men you'd make, Man-Mountain! if you were but decimated,
  But those may decimate who please, for I decline to try,
Grow, stretch, increase, shoot up, elongate further—but
  Be very careful, Monsieur, not to tread on little NUTT.

Architecture Extraordinary.

We see it stated in the papers that somebody at Baltimore lately made "a great Haul of muskets" in that city. This is another indication of the progress of iron as a building material.

SOUTHERN FACETIÆ.

The Chivalry don't joke intentionally, they are too dignified for that; but they nevertheless get off some capital things occasionally without knowing it. The Editor of the Richmond *Whig* is one of the greatest wags alive without having the least idea of his comicality, and "that's the humor of it." See how the sarcasm oozes out of him involuntarily, in the following passages culled from a late number of his paper:

"The truth is, *our defeats have proved the superiority of our fighting qualities*, as our victories never did or could have done. The Southerner is more courageous than the Yankee, and nothing has served to convince the Yankees of this truth so much as their late triumphs. Take the list of our disasters, from Drainesville to Kernstown, and we find in every one of them *ample evidence of Southern pluck*."

Referring to the Roanoke affair he says:

"* * * Some of the troops acted gallantly: but Gen. WISE told the whole story when he said to some of his soldiers who had retreated, 'There is no blood on your bayonets.' * * * * We always believed we could whip the Yankees, and nothing has done so much to strengthen and confirm that belief as our disasters."

What a droll! Why is not the Richmond *Whig* like the Yankee Victories to which it refers, so complacently, illustrated with cuts? With the assistance of our artists it might be made the funniest paper in the country. Is there no Southern draughtsman who can portray the Yankee in the act of being convinced of the indomitable, irrepressible, die-in-the-last-ditch heroism of the Southern paladins, by the spectacle of their disappearance in a cloud of dust, as they "lean" for the shelter of the rocks and woods? Was there ever a finer subject for a killing cartoon than General WISE paying a just tribute to "Southern pluck" in the exclamation, "there is no blood on your bayonets?" If the arrant knaves who would fain pass for errant knights in the land of "natural courage," are not insensible to biting satire, how they must wince at the tremendous hit intended in all kindness, administered in the following rich sentence from their confrere of the *Whig*:

"But the justice of the Southern cause will surely *tell in the long run*."

The "long run" referred to is of course the one which commenced at Drainsville and is still in progress. The idea of people being thrashed into a conviction of their own invincibility is such a magnificent emanation of unpremeditated facetiousness, that it is a sin and a shame that it should lack the embellishments of graphic art. If it were not next door to certain that the flight of the editor himself would afford another proof of the "courage of the Southern man" before a caricaturist could do justice to the subject, we might furnish him with a suitable illustration of the quotations we have made from his remarkably funny journal.

"A La Lanterne!"

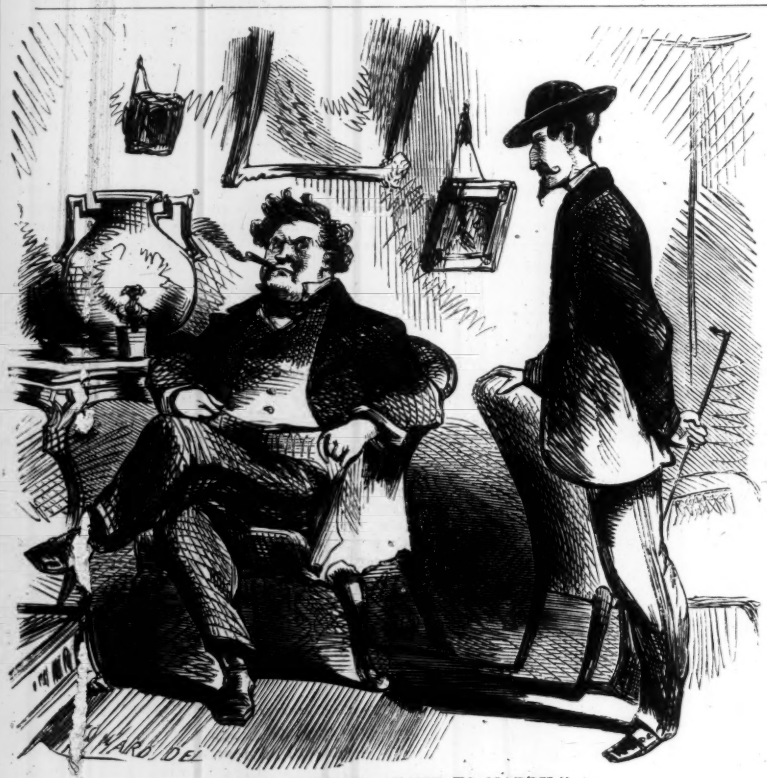
The *Herald* had this advertisement, the other day;

LOST—A LIGHT FAWN COLORED GREYHOUND WITH LEATHER COLLAR; breast and tip of tail white; would answer well as a lantern. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning the same, etc., etc.

We have no desire to interfere with any man's private affair, or to make sport of any Sport's tender feelings toward his "dorgs," but we really should like to know what manner of animal this may be. Does the advertiser mean that if the dog and a lantern were spoken to simultaneously, the one would Answer as well as the other? Is there any allusion to lanterns in the adjective Light, applied to the color of the creature? Has it a something Burning in its bosom, like certain poets? Conjectures overwhelm us, but could we find this strange quadruped, we should depend upon its Lantern-like qualities to throw some Light upon the mystery.

Get up, Old Man!

A Sunday or two since, the Rev. Mr. CUTLER prayed specially for the navy, in one of the churches of this city. That is, the Rev. gentleman's prayer was ostensibly for the navy—his petition, as reported, being that "the navy may wake up to its duty." Of course the Rev. gentleman meant to say "O that old GIDEON WELLES may be touched with an exceeding sharp stick, so that he will awake, and shake himself and arise to a conviction that several things have got to be done, and that he must do them!" This was the drift of the prayer, which was a pretty hard poke in the ribs to GIDEON, and if the Rev CUTLER happens to have any more of his sharp hardware on hand, we hope he will keep "jobbing" it into the same quarter.



"TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."

Deserted Man.—"ONE NEVER KNOWS THE TRUE VALUE OF A WIFE UNTIL AFTER SHE HAS GONE."

Cynical Wretch.—"NO SIR—NOR BEFORE SHE HAS GONE."

Justice to our Sailors.

An order has been issued by the Secretary of the Navy, prohibiting sailors from using, henceforth, the expression "shiver my timbers," which is no longer considered applicable now that wooden war-ships are doomed to extinction. It will be necessary, of course, to furnish an equivalent for the phrase, and we are informed that Mr. WELLES is at work day and night, incubating for one, but as yet without any prospect of success. "Flummux my rivets," was proposed by a clever young man belonging to the Bureau, but thrown overboard by the Secretary, on the ground that the word 'flummux" is difficult of pronunciation during the process of masticating the soothing quid. It is a very serious business, this is, Mr. WELLES, and you must lose no time in supplying a nervous substitute for "shiver my timbers" or else the public shall know the reason why. JACK would be a "dull boy," indeed, if deprived of his expressive vocabulary, and left destitute of any formula applicable to the destruction or "shivering" of limbs which can no longer be alluded to in metaphors "drawn from wood."

Regulation respecting Passes.

The Provost Marshal has issued an order prohibiting the issue of any further passes for the transport of sutler's stores to the army of the Potomac. Much misapprehension has existed with regard to the nature of these passes, and still exists. For instance, nothing can be more absurd than the supposition that "Pass Sutler" is in any way the same as Pass Christian, of which we hear so much in connection with the reformation of the South.

A Remark by one who knows.

It does not follow that a ship of war must be a "mere tub" because she is fitted with tub-ular boilers.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

VANITY FAIR, some months ago, made some jocular allusions to the REV. DR. BELLOWS, in connection with the SANITARY COMMISSION, which elicited from the moralists of the *N. Y. Evening Post* an article, the gist of which was, that "V. F. should know that the people would not tolerate attacks upon a man who had rendered such signal service to his country," etc etc. Now then, we think it is about time that the *Evening Post* should take a little of its own advice which it so freely offered us, and also measures to correct its bile, seeing that for a long time it has been industriously endeavoring by direct and indirect attacks to undermine GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, who in the estimation of every unprejudiced man has, we believe, "rendered signal service to his Country," but who unfortunately for his credit with the abolition Journals, has an idea that, in this war, a white man is about as valuable an article as a black one, and has acted accordingly.

We beg leave now to tell the *Evening Post*, *the Tribune*, and the "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" sheets which help to yelp out the chorus of the song that would elevate mediocrity at the expense of the loyal and thorough paced soldier at the head of our armies, that the people will no longer tolerate these attacks upon a man who has rendered such service to his Country, and that he shall no longer be fettered in his movements, or bullied into a plan of action from which his humane and better judgment revolts, whether this is sought to be done by Cabinet officers who would fain exercise dictatorial power, with an eye to the political future, or by the still more blatant demagogues of the press who, unfortunately for the community, seek to control the sentiments of the people.

We hope that the *Post* will see the humor of this article, and enjoy the joke.

Yes, Sir!

In a late article the *Daily Times* says, apropos of American character—"Our people, more than, perhaps, any other in the world, are accustomed to change." Well, perhaps they are—especially omnibus drivers and horse-car conductors.

GONE!

He's gone! Who's gone? Why WILLIAM HUMBUG RUSSELL,
An Irish "gent" choke-full of Tory guile,
In whose mean blood there is not one corpuscle
Worthy the generous, faithful Emerald Isle.
In Ireland born by chance—a lone puff-adder
Somehow exempted from ST. PATRICK'S ban,
Hither he came a mercenary gadder
To hiss the champions of the Rights of Man.

The land of GRATIAN, EMMET and FITZGERALD
Disowns the pander of the Tory horde,
Who, when our Union's safety seemed imperilled,
Foretold its downfall by Rebellion's sword.
'Twas Union Victories sent the scribbler flying,
He saw the helm of Treason fairly cleft,
And shamed by his own reportorial lying,
Shouldered his load of infamy, and left.

Adieu, thou shallow-pated, baffled prophet,
May no mischance o'ertake thee on the sea,
For, wert thou lost, there's not on this side Tophet
A Tweedledum to match thee, Tweedledee.
Welcome your tool, Aristocrat and Tory,
Dine him and wine him, as some snobs did here,
Then to a Fool's Cap twist MUNCHAUSEN'S story
And with it crown your fact-confuted Seer.

The new Cunarder back o'er the Atlantic,
Carries the old Canarder. Western breeze
Blow the great blower, pompous and pedantic,
Safe to his knavish, nonplussed consignees!
And blame him not O! Thunderer," if "the Yankees"
Have branded "Liar" on his brazen crest,
For though to Heaven his falsehood's odor rank is,
For *you* the hireling did his duty best.

THE HIGHLY INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND,

WHO HAS COME ALL THE WAY FROM "DOWN SOUTH" TO VISIT MR. GREELEY, BUT HORACE "DOESN'T SEE IT!"

A BALLOON RECONNOISSANCE.

Circumstances have arisen—that is, balloons have— on account of which we have found it necessary to engage an aerial reporter.

The balloon reconnoissance has become such a fixed-air fact, that the airy something by the assistance of which it is achieved, must henceforth have a "local habitation" and an aim in these columns. Otherwise not. Let the *Herald* brag of its circulation, but the *Herald* has no aerial reporter; not that it hasn't gas enough to inflate one to the requisite state of buoyancy with, and wind enough to propel one at the rate of any given number of common hangman's knots an hour, but it lacks the necessary enterprise. If anything were needed to prove the want of enterprise of the *Herald*, it could be extracted from the simple fact that it has no aerial reporter. We have an aerial reporter, We have, and our aerial reporter is a dark bird, He is, in consideration of which circumstances we feel ourselves entitled to assert that we have established a Crow over the *Herald*.

As the censorship—or incensership— of the Press cannot apply to things not of this earth, we have no hesitation in laying before our readers the following facts connected with a recent balloon excursion in high quarters. When we say high quarters we do not project a pun. O! no. We have a stern duty to perform, and we are going to perform it with that absence of levity becoming a journal that can set up a crow of its own.

It is not generally known—it might never have been generally known but for this article—that President LINCOLN went up, lately, on a balloon excursion with General MCCLELLAN. The affair was kept so quiet, in fact, that even WIKOFF, who had one ear to the keyhole, the other to a stove-pipe hole, and an eye to finding out all about it, failed to accomplish his diabolical purpose, and is now selling whisker-dye at ten cents the small bottle about the street of Patchogue, L. I. Fine feathers do not always make fine birds, and WIKOFF must feel sore that our bird could soar more and gyrate higher than he can upon his short-winged, though long-eared Pegasus.

But here is what our aerial reporter says about the ballooning business, and we give it in his own words, which are diaphanous as the hues of a tropical dolphin dying upon a chromatic scale.

It was between seven o'clock a. m. and the Vernal Equinox, as I sat upon the railing of the planet SATURN, reading "Horace Phillips," a romance of the ante-carboniferous period of creation by WENDELL GREELEY. The delicious perfume of the helioscope came wafted to me from the breath of some cows in the Milky Way, and most people, in fact, would have enquired "whether I did not think it was a very fine morning?" when a solitary speck not only might have been but actually was seen half-way between the azimuth and the zenith, moving rapidly through ether in the direction of either. Presently from out the Pleiades, which as I once told Mr. TENNYSON, invariably remind me of a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid, there appeared another dark, moving speck, which led me to expect that a spectacle of some kind must be on the programme. Nor was I disappointed. Dispatching a smart young satellite with my compliments to one of the Star Sisters, for a loan of her opera glass, I brought the stupendous engine to bear upon speck No 1, which now, as it sailed majestically into the field of vision, began to disclose the dim outline of a great air-balloon. It looked so lusciously like a pear, for some moments, as it hung palpitatingly in mid space, that the little children of SATURN cried for it. I spurned the little beggars from me, and proceeded with my observations. Nearer and nearer came speck No. 1: now I could discern the car attached to the balloon, and now there dawned upon me the figures of two aeronauts by whom it was occupied, one in citizen's clothes, the other in a military uniform.

"SATURN ahoy!" cried the former, with vivacity; "shove on there with your old raft, or I'll split your rails for you, as sure as my name is ABE LINCOLN!"

A shooting star glode across the blue vault at this moment, and the Resident Angel tied a hard knot upon his pocket-handkerchief, as a tribute to the honored name.

"Have you seen another balloon anywhere in these roads, young man?" continued Mr. LINCOLN, "we expected JEFF DAVIS and BEAUREGARD would be cruising about in these latitudes this fine morning, and we've come out to have a lick at them, me and General MCCLELLAN," and he waved his hand in a curve commencing on me and terminating on the General, who bowed elegantly, but maintained his character for reticence by omitting to speak.

"There was a speck yonder in the ultramarine, just now, sir," replied I: "it is at present concealed from our view by yon bank of cloud-stuff, which, like the various chamomile, keeps ever matching its hues to those of the contacting spheres. Haply it may be the object of your search."

Hardly had I spoken when speck No. 2 arose upon the cloud bank, from which it grew, for a moment, like a malignant tumor from the spine of some prostrate body politic. Gradually it rose, and approached us upon the gossamer wings of the swift monsoon. Larger it loomed, until it was revealed to us as a full-blown balloon, in the basket depending from which two figures were dimly discernible.

"Hi! hi! there, what balloon are you?" shouted Mr. LINCOLN, putting his helm hard a starboard, so as to give the stars among which he sailed a chance to see the fun.

"*Secesh*, JEFF DAVIS master, and I'm he, "piped a wheezy voice through the purple haze of morn.

"Fee, Foh, Fum!" put in the other navigator, in a voice which all of us recognized as that of BEAUREGARD, though none of us had ever heard it before; "I smell the blood of a couple of Union men, and I want their bones for tooth-brush handles."

Take that! vile grandson of a Kannuck!" cried Mr. LINCOLN, shying with all his might a full quart bottle at the head of the speaker. It struck the masked battery behind which BEAUREGARD sat, glanced from the iron-plated roof of the balloon, hit JEFF DAVIS upon the nose, and returned like a boomerang to the hand that launched it.

"A little more grape, if you please, Mr. LINCOLN," said General MCCLELLAN, relaxing for a moment from his taciturnity; "'tis a fine old vintage, is the Spirit of '76, and far superior in its aroma to the thin claret just tapped by it from the conk of yon revolting pirate. Hit him again, sir, his friends are few and scraggy."

But it was too late; for JEFF. DAVIS had put his helm hard up—these fellows are always hard up—and the rebel balloon broke and ran, skedaddling into space with remarkable fleetness. And now a singular phenomenon arrested the attention of all concerned. The masked battery in the shelter of which BEAUREGARD skulked began to play, and the tune played by it was "Hail Columbia!" In vain the navigators of the inflated *Secesh* strove to turn on the music to "Dixie." It wouldn't stay Dixied. The only change they could get out of it was from the old tune to the "Star-Spangled Banner," until the balloon had drifted on a drunken run far away toward the South; and then the moon took up the wondrous tale, and sang in a derisive tone the dulcet song of "Yankee Doodle," to the music of the spheres.

Mr. LINCOLN now threw out from the balloon several copies of the New York *Tribune*, a paper which, although utterly devoid of ballast in a journalistic sense, is generally useful as a dead weight, on account of its heavy leaders. This caused the balloon to ascend close up to where I sat, when Mr. LINCOLN, immediately recognizing me, extended his hand and said "How are you *Jack*?" following up his enquiry by several others of an equally kind nature, such as whether my bean-stalk was in good repair, and whether a grant of money from government to get me a new pair of trousers would not be of use. Mine are somewhat shabby, you see, from constant attrition during my transit of the bean-stalk. On my informing Mr. LINCOLN of my high position as aerial reporter for VANITY FAIR, he shook hands with me, warmly, as also did General MCCLELLAN, and the clinking of our cannikins broke joyously upon the listening air, as we tipped off some of the old Spirit of '76 to the success of the Right Cause.

Then the balloon, with its distinguished Captain and First Officer, began to descend slowly in the direction of Washington, and I slid down to New York, with the notes from which I have compiled the foregoing report of a very remarkable Balloon Reconnoissance.

Your Aerial Reporter,
JACK OF THE BEAN-STALK.

Wraprascals.

Steps have at last been taken by the military authorities, for ridding Washington of the "confidence men" in uniform by whom that city has been infested for some time past. "The uniform of these men," a paragraph informs us, "is generally a cloak for rascality"—an expression evidently suggested by the word "wrap-rascal," as applied facetiously to any description of toga or gaberdine. The military cloak, indeed, has but too often done duty as "wrap-rascal," since these eventful times in our national career have set in. We would not on that account, however, exclude the tunic, the coatee, or any other military garment, including the large, baggy breeches, from participating in the advantages derivable from the term referred to. All of them have been used, more or less, for the concealment of confidence operations, in this City as well as in Washington; and "should this notice meet the eye of" any *soi-disant* military gent who thinks the "wraprascal" would fit him, we hereby assure him that he is quite welcome to wear it.

A Mend-I-Can't Government.

The wretched poverty of the so-called Confederate Government may be judged by the earnestness with which it Solicits Arms.

STARTLING CASE OF "DOPPLEGANGER," OR DOUBLE, EXPERIENCED BY SNOOKS, WHO HAS BEEN DIPPING DEEPLY INTO GERMAN ROMANCE.

OGRESSES—ONE IN PARTICULAR.

After the rebels have gained one of their "great victories"—that is to say, when they have lost their guns and camps, and find themselves flying endways through the woods—some inquisitive Yankee, poking among the demolished tents, usually turns up a package of letters with the point of his bayonet. And this package usually contains some of the most surprising epistolary feats ever known in a civilized land.

That these documents, letters to the soldiers, are almost always wretchedly written, hopelessly spelt, and ungrammatical enough to make LINDLEY MURRAY turn over in his grave—that this is so, does not astonish us, knowing as we do, the sort of educational system prevailing throughout the South. But that Southern mothers, wives and sweethearts should bid their sons, husbands, and lovers, to bring them back some hideous trophy from the battle-field—a Yankee skull, or at least a Yankee scalp, seems too horrible for belief. Several such requests were found in letters left at Fort Donaldson by the rebels—in the first flush of their victory! One writer whose hatred for the North took a more amiable and coquettish shape, wanted her "cousin" to bring her home "a *live* Yankee"—to torture him by degrees, we suppose, to cut small pieces from him daily, until he grew "beautifully less," and could be comfortably metamorphosed into a pair of bone ear-rings.

Well, there is quite a large number of New England boys moving in the direction of this fascinating creature; but whether they will quietly submit to be carved into ornaments for the use of sanguinary females, is another thing.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

DEAR VANITY:—Did I not tell you I was recoiling for a spring? I am sprung.

Yorktown is Ours!

The loss, however, has been tremendous.

It is reported at 200 on our side, and 365,000 of the enemy....

This is not as yet confirmed.

Ever since the battle, I have been partially intoxicated....

....With glory....

Hallelujah!

The numbers of killed, wounded, missing, etc., are undoubtedly large.

A Richmond paper estimates the Rebel loss at 200, and the Union loss at 365,000.

This is only a report, as yet.

I wish you would suppress the *Evening Post*, in your city....

It is a common nuisance.

The other day it had this ¶:

"The country will never cease thanking President LINCOLN for assuming the active command in-chief of our armies, when it shall come to know, as it will in due time, the dangers which he has rescued it from. If it were proper, I could tell you and your readers how, even in the past ten days, the President's watchful eye has warded off instant dangers of the most threatening kind."

Now this seems loyal enough, but it is only a covert dab at MCCLELLAN.

I endorse MCCLELLAN. That is enough. The President has no more idea of "assuming the *active* command-in-chief" than the *Evening Post* has of honesty.

I am the only commander who wields *all* the forces and has full powers. I choose MCCLELLAN to be considered actual commander, and the country will please so to consider him.

But what can you expect of an unwholesome sheet, pimpled with political bile, and presided over by a decrepid poet who Writes For It?

Let the *Post* slide or swing then. Turn we to the battle!

The *Herald* man who described the first day's operations before Yorktown was too modest. Let me give the true version of his statements.

Major COLES did not have his cap knocked off by a shell. It was his head, and he deserves credit for even as poor a joke as the *Herald* man says he made, considering the circumstances. Both the major and the *Herald* man are doing well.

It was not "a small ball from an exploded shell" that the Michigan man found inside his shirt-collar, and coolly pocketed. It was a percussion projectile from a 240-pounder, that lodged in his mouth and exploded, blowing out a set of false teeth that cost $25 in Boston. He complained some, but is all right now.

The *Herald* man was right in saying that "one shell went through a series of erratic bounds." It did. That wasn't all it went through. It went through the calf of my leg, struck a tumbrel, ricochetted into the BERDAN Sharpshooters, came out the other side, took a parabolic direction into the air, struck Professor LOWE's balloon, glanced off, describing the shape of a rocking-chair at an altitude of 300 miles from the earth, fell in a zig-zag line and alighted in a wagon laden with fire-crackers. Here it rested for a few minutes, but as the crackers went off it rose again, and after hovering over the army for a while, fell in a slanting direction and entered the mouth of a mortar that Captain WEEDEN was just in the act of firing. The erratic shell, on leaving the mortar, struck the walls of a Rebel fort, breaking several windows and glancing upward again to a great height. When last seen, it was sailing majestically away in the direction of Edinburg Schoolhouse, N. J. If I hear anything further of it I will let you know.

Such are the true statements of these incidents. The *Herald* man ought to be more careful, or I will have him removed.

It is possible that I may be in error, in considering Yorktown to have been captured. I have, however, heard nothing to the contrary.

Since the battle of Pittsburgh, the back-bone of Rebellion is broken in the valley of the Ohio, and soft coal is as cheap as ever. There are no Rebels known to be in the city, but it is still very smoky.

I have no further particulars from Yorktown....

The weather is fine.

MCARONE.

LOOSE TALK IN LIVERPOOL.

We have the pleasure to be informed by *The Liverpool Journal*, that the general talk on 'Change, is that "the confederates having done all that brave men could do, will now retire from the war with all their honors made brighter by glorious exercise."

The Journal seems to be partly right. The confederates showed a very retiring disposition at Pittsburgh. And, gymnastically considered, the "exercise" must have been "glorious."

What other "honorable" persons have been "exercising" during this war?

Honorable PERJURERS, who having solemnly sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, have "gloriously" disregarded their oaths!

Honorable THIEVES, who have burglariously broken into our Arsenals and Treasuries, and carried off our cash and our cannon!

Honorable BULLIES, who have wreaked their wrath upon the wives and children of loyal gentlemen!

Honorable OFFICERS, who have turned against their country the very swords which their country gave them!

Honorable LEGISLATORS, who having had a fair field for their argument and eloquence in Washington, shut up their own mouths and determined to rely upon the mouths of stolen cannon!

Honorable SOLDIERS, who mutilate their dead foes, despatch the wounded, and present necklaces of Northern finger-bones to the ladies of their love!

Honorable LADIES who fall to cursing like drabs, when they encounter the Soldiers of the Union!

Honorable PARSONS, who insult Heaven by prayers for perjurers, and who unfrock themselves to take service under the banners of SATAN!

All honorable men and women!

Egad! we moral fellows—no others are permitted, of course, to write for VANITY FAIR—must be revising our opinions. If the world will turn up side down—we do not mean the *World* newspaper, which never had any other position—why, we must e'en turn with it. There is light from Liverpool. Stealing, perjury, defalcation, dishonor, barbarism, cruelty, inhumanity, murder, arson, burglary,—behold, while we all thought you to be capital crimes, you turn out to be cardinal virtues! Great scamps are men of honor, if they do but pillage in packs! If you do not believe it, most intelligent reader, write to the Right Reverend LEONIDAS POLK, and ask the opinion of that Prelate turned Pirate!

The lucubrations of this Liverpool luminary, it will be seen, are in the highest degree serene and placable. "The Confederates will now retire from the war with all their honors made brighter by glorious exercise." Having cost the country millions upon millions of money, and thousands upon thousands of lives, they will now "retire," to fight their battles over by the peaceful fireside. In the name of the poor, cheated gallows, can this be so? What does hemp grow for in this wicked world? Why do rope walks cumber the ground? But don't let's be benevolent by halves. Make JEFF DAVIS President for life of the Union Preserved! Establish a National Church and put POLK at the head of it! Establish a National Whiskey Still, and put LETCHER at the head of it! Establish a National Bank and make BENJAMIN the Cashier, President, Board of Directors, and all!

The Fall of Pulaski.

We have authority for stating that the "seven large breaches" made in the south wall at Fort Pulaski all belong to one man, and he is known as General HUNTER. It seems that the gallant HUNTER prefers conical buttons to any other, for his breaches, which are no shoddy, articles, it seems, but the real thing. Thus the Fall of Pulaski is likely to have an effect upon our summer fashions, in prospect of which we have given an order to our tailor for seven large breaches with conical buttons. Let all who Pant for their country's weal remember the seven large breaches of Pulaski, and act accordingly.

A Word, and a Blow

"I have been reading over 'A Prayer for Life'," said The Poet, "and I find some forty or fifty compound words therein; as, 'love-light,' 'star-beam,' 'thunder-tones, etc....two simple words, made poetical by being joined by a hyphen. It is a popular style, to-day; what do you think of it?"

"I?" queried X.; "I think it is Hyphen-uten!"

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE!

BY A DISGUSTED POET.

I.

Some papers flourish in this town
That ought n't to exist
They set men up and pull them down
By many a specious twist;
For such....the *Evening Post* is one....
I think that something should be done.

II.

No matter what the topic be
On which these sheets descant,
Half-hidden here and there we see
Some Abolition rant:
For such as thus at random run,
I think that something should be done.

III.

McCLELLAN is a soldier; not
An Abolitionist,
And so the *Post* on him has got
An extra specious twist;
It vilifies him just for fun,
And for it, something should be done.

IV.

From paragraphs on brewing beer,
The weather, or the crops,
The sneaking lie or covert sneer
Incontinently drops:
A just reward the *Post* has won,
And for it, something should be done.

V.

Some prisoners from Lafayette
Have lately been sent clear,
And others in their place to set
Would be a good idea:
This with the *Post* might be begun,
For surely, something should be done.

VI.

Let SEWARD open well his eyes,
When comes his *Post* by mail,
And judge if authors of such lies
Would not be best in jail:
Such fancy falsehoods, finely spun....
For them should something not be done?

VII.

All honor to McCLELLAN, then,
And to the land he saves!
Our business is to fight like men,
And not to fool with slaves....
But spike that Abolition gun;
That is the something I want done!

Buoyant Spirits.

A daily paper states that "the rebels have buoyed out a channel for the *Merrimac*, extending from Norfolk to Sewall's Point. Five black buoys are distinctly seen."

From the unfeminine spirit displayed by some of the rebellious young women down South, we should have supposed that white girls would have been better for marking out the course of the *Merrimac* than black buoys.

Can it be on D*n*'s Account?

It will be hardly believed, we are aware, but, strange as it may seem, it is entirely true that for at least three consecutive days last week, the *Tribune* did not contain a single dirty little paragraph of insinuations against General McCLELLAN!

Arcades Ambo.

The two cogent words with a Pennsylvanian land speculator are, "Oil-wells:" the two similar words for a Naval aspirant are Soap WELLES!"